THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 23, 1804.

Intereſting Account of a Child, who, being born Deaf and Dumb, was afterwards taught to ſpeak.

By Dr. Portal.

IT is now two years ſince M. de Namur-d'Elfée brought to Paris one of his children, which had been deaf and dumb from its birth, in order to place it under the direction and care of M. l'Abbé Salvan, a pupil of the Abbé l'Epée, and ſecond tutor in the National School of the Deaf and Dumb at Paris. M. de Namur preſented his ſon to me, and likewiſe his tutor, giving me at the ſame time a ſtrong recommendation, in caſe I ſhould have occaſion for him.

The lively and open countenance of this young child, who was only eleven years old, intereſted me ſingularly; and after having convinced myſelf, as far as poſſible, that he had no radical defect in the immediate organ of voice, nor in thoſe of ſpeech, I thought it my duty to requeſt his tutor, in the ſtrongeſt terms, not to omit any thing in endeavouring to make him ſpeak; and on this ſubject we had a very long converſation.

Thoſe who are born deaf are inſenſible to ſounds, nor are they poſſeſſed of any object of compariſon by which they can be taught to ſpeak. Nevertheleſs their voice becomes formed in the larynx, that part not being at all affected, for it produces, as in other men, the radical and primitive ſound; but not being able to modify it, or to give it a requiſite perfection, they know not how to form letters or to compoſe words, which are only the conſequence of their junction. Not being able to hear others ſpeak, theſe children cannot imitate them; and how many things do we do, which are merely an imitation of what we

have before ſeen done, or that we have been informed *has* been done.

In the courſe of this converſation with the Abbe Salvan, I told him,

1ſt. That phyſiologiſts well knew, and that I was myſelf convinced, from various experiments made upon animals in the French College in 1771, and repeated at the Academy of Sciences ſome years afterwards, that the voice is produced in the larynx by the contraction or dilatation of the glottis, alſo by the vibrations of the vocal chords, or, as Ferrein proved in 1774, that the organ of the voice was a wind and ſtring inſtrument.

2d. That the pronunciation of vowels depended principally on the exterior aperture being more or leſs large, the mouth elongated or ſhortened, expanded or contracted.

3d. That the conſonants were formed in the under mouth, in the noſtrils, and in the mouth, either by the augmentation or diminution of theſe cavities, by the greater or leſs rapidity of the movements, more or leſs ſlow, ſtrong or weak, of the muſcles, the palate, the cheeks, the tongue, and the lips.

4th. That when acute ſounds are emitted, the larynx is enlarged, and the glottis depreſſed; when grave ſounds are produced, the larynx is depreſſed, and the glottis is more dilated; and laſtly, that the intenſity of ſound depended alſo on the quantity and force of the column of air which iſſues from the lungs into the larynx by the tracheal artery.

From phyſiological obſervations, I then proceeded to ſome remarks on defects of voice. I obſerved to M. Salvan, that I had been enabled to re-eſtabliſh it, when defective either in ſtrength or regularity, ſometimes by having recourſe to remedies which produced nervous irritability, and ſometimes by weakening it, where it exiſted; that medical men well knew that thoſe perſons who are deprived of the uvula cannot articulate the letter *R*; that thoſe who have the ſtring of the tongue too ſhort cannot articulate the letter *T*; and that thoſe who have the naſal cavities contracted cannot pronounce the letters *M*, *N*; That I myſelf had known a child whoſe uvula was divided into two parts, like two lobes, which occaſioned the letter *S* to be ſounded with every word which it pronounced.

I added, that, as M. Salvan's pupil had no radical defect either in the organ of voice or in thoſe of ſpeech, I did not at all doubt but that he was capable of being taught to ſpeak, and thus furniſh another example in favour of the art of making dumb people ſpeak, which Pierre Contius, a Spaniard, Bonnet, Ramirés de Carrion, Wallis, Pereira, and many others, had taught and reduced ſucceſsfully to practice; that I even thought that this might be effected with additional facility, as the child, underſtanding the ſigns invented by the Abbé de l'Epée, and improved by his illuſtrious ſucceſſor the Abbé Sicard, might the

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more eaſily profit by the inſtructions which would be given him for forming the ſounds. But this method, which is at once new and ingenious, adopted by M. Sicard, and the other diſciples of that great maſter, is inadequate to produce a good education, if they do not add to it the power of ſpeech. In fact, one who is born both deaf and dumb, being taught to ſpeak, enjoys many advantages in ſociety which are denied to thoſe who are acquainted only with ſigns and writing: in the firſt place, there are but few perſons who underſtand the ſigns, and writing is nugatory with thoſe who are unable to read, which is the caſe with a very great majority; while he who is enabled to ſpeak can communicate with every man, whether learned or unlearned. A geſture which he ſees made, ſome words which he makes his own, from beholding the motions of the lips, puts him in the way of replying by others. I have ſeen perſons who were born deaf and dumb carry on a converſation very well by merely watching the mechaniſm of ſpeech.

This conference with M. Salvan has produced the moſt happy conſequences; for in a few months afterwards he called on me with his pupil, who pronounced theſe words—"Good day, Mr. Portal." He is now capable of reading the longeſt paragraphs. It only requires, in order to expreſs himſelf orally like other men, that habit which he will daily acquire in a very ſenſible degree. He begins to unite, in reading, the terminating conſonant of one word with the initial vowel of the following one. The eliſions of vowels no longer embarraſs him, which is abſolutely aſtoniſhing in a perſon *born* both deaf and dumb. What patience, what ſkill, what ſagacity, muſt M. Salvan have uſed in order to produce ſuch an effect!

There was a queſtion diſcuſſed in one of the laſt ſittings of the firſt claſs of the inſtitute, relative to the inſtruction of the deaf and dumb, occaſioned by an article inſerted in the Journal de Paris of the 7th Germinal on M. Pereira, a very able inſtructor. I ſpoke of the young de Namur, and of his tutor, which ſeemed to intereſt the aſſembly greatly. I invited M. Salvan to come with his pupil at the following ſeſſion, the 14th Germinal: they neither of them had time to prepare themſelves, not having been informed but a few hours previouſly. The tutor ſpoke with unpremeditated fluency, and without arrogance, which operated greatly in his favour. He detailed the means he had employed, and paid at the ſame time a deſerved homage to the method of the immortal Abbé de l'Epée, his illuſtrious maſter. His young pupil was at firſt timid, becauſe he had never yet ſpoken in public: but he ſoon gained confidence, and pronounced, among other things, ſome extremely difficult words: he conjugated *viva voce*, a verb choſen by C. Chaptal, preſident of the inſtitute. In order not to occupy too much of the aſſembly's time, he was ſtopped towards the fourth

tenſe; he concluded by reading and pronouncing the following ſentence: "M. Chaptal is miniſter of the interior." This child begins to communicate eaſily his ideas, both by ſpeaking and writing, a thing which is truly ſurpriſing, conſidering the ſmall time which he has paſſed with his inſtructor. His imagination is ſo lively, and ſo much upon the alert, that his tutor had ſome difficulty in reſtraining it; and it is only by playing with him, as it were, that he is able to inſtruct him. A taſte for mechaniſm has gained an entire aſcendancy over him, and he has a decided *penchant* towards, and a great talent for the arts.

The Abbé Salvan told me, that he found it more difficult to make him pronounce the two letters *N, S*, than all the others put together. He was fifteen days occupied with the ſingle letter *N*. I think, and M. Salvan is alſo of the ſame opinion, that out of a hundred who are born deaf and dumb, eighty or ninety at leaſt, might be made to ſpeak, by taking them in hand at a proper age, It is clear that in general they are dumb only becauſe they are deaf, not being able hence to imitate the ſound of the human voice. What a bleſſing is thus rendered to theſe unfortunate beings, to their families and to ſociety!

PARTICULARS *of the* DEATH *of* DR. PRIESTLEY.

Extract from a Letter from Thomas Cooper, Eſq. of Northumberland, to James Woodhouſe, Profeſſor of Chemiſtry in the Univerſity of Pennſylvania, dated February 6, 1804.

"YOUR old friend, Dr. Prieſtley, died this morning without pain, at eleven o'clock. He would have been 71 had he lived till the 24th of next month. He continued compoſed, and chearful, to the end. He had been apprized of his diſſolution for ſome days."

DR. PRIESTLEY.

Extract from a Communication in the Philadelphia Gazette.

"Since his illneſs at Philadelphia, in the year 1801, he never regained his former good ſtate of health. His complaint was conſtant indigeſtion, and a difficulty of ſwallowing food of any kind. But during this period of general debility, he was buſily employed in printing his Church Hiſtory, and the firſt volume of his Notes on the Scriptures, and in making new and original experiments. During this period, likewiſe, he wrote his pamphlet of Jeſus and Socrates compared, and re-printed his Eſſay on Phlogiſton.

"From

" From about the beginning of November, 1803, to the middle of January, 1804, his complaint grew more ſerious: yet, by judicious medical treatment, and ſtrict attention to diet, he, after ſome time, ſeemed, if not gaining ſtrength, at leaſt not getting worſe; and his friends fondly hoped that his health would continue to improve as the ſeaſon advanced. He, however, conſidered his life as very precarious. Even at this time, beſides his miſcellaneous reading, which was at all times very extenſive, he read through all the works quoted in his " Compariſon of the different Syſtems of the Grecian Philoſophers with Chriſtianity;" compoſed that work, and tranſcribed the whole of it, in leſs than three months; ſo that he has left it ready for the preſs. During this period, he compoſed, in *one day*, his 2d Reply to Dr. Linn.

" In the laſt fortnight of January, his fits of indigeſtion became more alarming, his legs ſwelled, and his weakneſs increaſed. Within two days of his death, he became ſo weak that he could walk but a little way, and that with great difficulty; for ſome time he found himſelf unable to ſpeak; but, on recovering a little, he told his friends that he had never felt more pleaſantly during his whole life-time, than during the time he was unable to ſpeak. He was fully ſenſible that he had not long to live; yet talked with cheerfulneſs to all who called on him. In the courſe of the day, he expreſſed his thankfulneſs at being permitted to die quietly, in his family, without pain, and with every convenience and comfort that he could wiſh for. He dwelt upon the peculiarly happy ſituation in which it had pleaſed the Divine Being to place him in life, and the great advantage he had enjoyed in the acquaintance and friendſhip of ſome of the beſt and wiſeſt of men in the age in which he lived, and the ſatisfaction he derived from having led an uſeful as well as happy life. He this day gave directions about printing the remainder of his Notes on Scripture (a work in the completion of which he was much intereſted), and looked over the firſt ſheet of the third volume, after it was corrected by thoſe who were to attend to its completion, and expreſſed his ſatisfaction at the manner of its being executed.

" On Sunday the 5th, he was much weaker, but ſat up in an arm chair for a few minutes. He deſired that John, chap. XI. might be read to him; he ſtopped the reader at the 45th verſe, dwelt for ſome time on the advantages he had derived from reading the ſcriptures daily, and recommended this practice, ſaying, that it would prove a ſource of the pureſt pleaſure. " We ſhall all, (ſaid he) meet finally; we only require different degrees of diſcipline, ſuited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happineſs." Mr. —— coming into his room, he ſaid—" You ſee, Sir, I am ſtill living." Mr. —— obſerved, " that he would always live." " Yes, I believe I ſhall; we ſhall meet again in another

another and a better world." He ſaid this with great animation, laying hold of Mr. ——'s hand in both his own.—After evening prayers, when his grand-children were brought to his bedſide, he ſpoke to them ſeparately, and exhorted them to continue to love each other, &c. "I am going (added he) to ſleep as well as you: for death is only a good long ſound ſleep in the grave, and we ſhall meet again."

"On Monday morning, the 6th of February, on being aſked how he did, he anſwered in a faint voice, that he had no pain, but appeared fainting away gradually. About eight o'clock, he deſired to have three pamphlets, which had been looked out by his directions, the evening before. He then dictated as clearly and diſtinctly as he had ever done in his life, the additions and alterations which he wiſhed to have made in each. M—— took down the ſubſtance of what he ſaid, which was read to him; he obſerved, "Sir, you have put in your own language, I wiſh it to be mine." He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had before ſaid, and when it was tranſcribed, and read over to him, he ſaid, "That is right, I have now done."

"About half an hour after he deſired that he might be removed to a cot. About ten minutes after he was removed to it, he died: but breathed his laſt ſo eaſily, that thoſe who were ſitting cloſe to him did not immediately perceive it. He had put his hand to his face, which prevented them from obſerving it.

"He was born March 24, 1733."

ANECDOTES *of* ABRAHAM NEWLAND, Esq.

[From the Monthly Viſitor.]

ABRAHAM NEWLAND is the ſon of Mr. William Newland, formerly a baker of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He was born about the year 1730; indeed we have not been able to aſcertain the time of his birth with certainty. Of his education we know little, except that the inſtructions which he received were fitted to prepare him for the counting-houſe. In this ſituation he was of courſe placed at an early period; but how long he remained in this humble ſtation cannot now be determined. We may, however, naturally ſuppoſe that at this time he acquired, in a degree, that knowledge of commercial affairs by which he has been ſince, and for ſo long a ſeries of years, diſtinguiſhed.

The ſubject of our memoir was appointed clerk in the Bank of England more than half a century ago, being nominated in the month of February, 1740. He roſe through the various gradations of office, by means of his own diligence and integrity.

Indeed, ſuch were his merits, that in January, 1775, he attained the reſpectable and confidential office of chief caſhier to the firſt commercial company in the world!

This extraordinary man is now between ſeventy and eighty years of age; his deportment is genteel, his manners affable, and his mode of tranſacting buſineſs marked by the utmoſt punctuality. Of his wealth various have been the conjectures: he muſt be rich, when his opportunities of gain, his official emoluments, and his economy, are conſidered.

He has a ſuite of apartments in the Bank of England, but being a batchelor, has not a large eſtabliſhment. It is worthy of remark, that, during a period of forty years, he had not been a day abſent from the bank, except during a few weeks of illneſs! By trips to Margate, Brighton, and to other watering-places of faſhion, the important duties of his office have never once been impeded. The only relaxation in which he indulges, is a daily ride in his carriage to his houſe, at the upper extremity of Highbury-Place, where he generally drinks tea, and then returns regularly to the bank in the evening.

The writer of the preſent article, has, from the window of his next-door neighbour, ſeen him with pleaſure, more than once, alighting from his carriage with firm ſtep, and then, according to his uſual cuſtom, patting his horſes with a gentleneſs honourable to his humanity.

The STORY *of the* TWO SISTERS.

TOWARDS the end of thoſe troubleſome times, when England was ſhaken by the feuds of the houſes of York and Lancaſter, there reſided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman, whoſe name was Geoffry de Saint Clair, deſcended from a family of great antiquity and repute in thoſe parts. The many lances, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more reſpectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its preſent poſſeſſor. The poor ſat at his gate, and bleſſed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim repoſed in his porch, without remembering, in his oriſons, its hoſpitable owner.

Saint Clair had allied himſelf in marriage with the Lady Margaret de Boys, a woman of high birth, and rare endowments; whoſe accompliſhments might have embelliſhed the greateſt ſcenes, had not a love of domeſtic life, and a religious caſt of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All her leiſure hours, which her family did not call for, were ſpent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the nobleſt rank exerciſed, without thinking they demeaned their ſtations; ſhe relieved the indigent, adviſed with the unfortunate, viſited the ſick, and brought up her twin daughters,

daughters, Frances and Iſabella, in the ſame ſentiments; accuſtoming them, very early, to attend upon her in all thoſe acts of primitive piety. As theſe young ladies were the ſole iſſue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds ſo rich a ſoil, that every thing proſpered which was planted in them: no uſeful knowledge was omitted, no external accompliſhment neglected.

Frances and Iſabella were now arrived at the age of twenty-five. The amiableneſs of their characters, their enlarged underſtandings, and the gracefulneſs of their perſons, won the admiration and eſteem of all who approached them. They had, from ſimilitude of manners and ſentiment, contracted ſuch a rare affection for each other, that it ſeemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union, which was to diſtinguiſh their lives, and for thoſe effuſions of elevated friendſhip, which the loſs of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth, Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was ſeized by a ſudden illneſs, which, in a few days, carried her off, and deſolated one of the happieſt families in the world.

It would be difficult to deſcribe the ſounds of woe, which, on this occaſion, echoed through all the manſion, or the ſighs of the diſconſolate poor, under the windows. The grief of Saint Clair, after the many years of uninterrupted happineſs that he had enjoyed with Lady Margaret, in its firſt attack, almoſt overpowered his reaſon: whilſt Frances and Iſabella had the weight of a father's ſorrow added to their own; which compelled them to ſmother their feelings, great as they were, and to aſſume a fortitude their hearts diſavowed.

Lovely mourners! more lovely in your tears! fancy pictures you before me, bathed in filial ſorrow, ſtanding by and ſupporting your diſtracted parent; ſtriving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not ſuffer his ſervants to cloſe, ſtill demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again—one laſt—laſt look!

Heavens! how ſevere a diſtreſs! If any reader hath been in a ſituation to aſk for a laſt look of what is moſt dear to him, and what he is going to be deprived of for ever: he alone can beſt judge, how much that boſom agonizes, that urges the requeſt!

Though Saint Clair called in aid all his philoſophy, to ſupport himſelf under the loſs of his beloved Lady Margaret, yet he was worn, by a ſilent ſorrow, which had ſo viſible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greateſt comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent viſits of their uncle,

John de Saint Clair, who was at that time abbot of the monaſtery of Saint Auguſtin, in Canterbury; of which place there are, at this day, ſuch noble remains exiſting. He was the younger brother of Geoffry, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of ſo much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them a very large inheritance.

The manner in which Frances had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother ſhe ſo much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement; and a great convent of Benedictine nuns, not very diſtant from Feverſham, happening, a few months after, to loſe their principal (who was always one of a conſiderable family) the abbot of Saint Auguſtin, perceiving her fixed in her ſcheme of life, procured her to be named the lady abbeſs of it.

Iſabella, who had never as yet been ſeparated from her ſiſter, would, on this occaſion, moſt willingly have taken the veil. "The ſame roof, "hath ever hitherto covered us, the ſame have been our wiſhes, the ſame our purſuits; the grave hath divided us from thoſe, who taught us the amiableneſs of friendſhip, and ſhall alone divide us from one another!"

The abbot was much hurt by this declaration of his niece. He deſired her to baniſh from her thoughts ſuch a reſolution; and failed not to intimate to her, that Frances, having devoted herſelf to the cloiſter, ſhe remained the only ſupport of the family of Saint Clair; that her virtues ſhould rather embelliſh ſociety, than be loſt within the walls of a monaſtery; and wiſhed ſhe would, by accepting ſome alliance of ſuitable rank and fortune, rather permit thoſe accompliſhments to be ſeen by the world, which ſhe fought to hide in oblivion.

Frances, on her part, however ſhe was charmed with this teſtimony of her ſiſter's affection, joined in ſentiment with her uncle, expreſſing to her, how much happier ſhe ſhould be, to ſee her ſettle herſelf by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.

"I am not, you know," ſays ſhe, "by the religious office I fill, tied down to all thoſe rules, which muſt of courſe be impoſed on you; my liberty remains; we ſhall have conſtant opportunities of continuing that intercourſe of love, our hearts ſo mutually deſire. It will be the higheſt pleaſure to me, to ſee you united to a man worthy of your choice; preſerving in our father's caſtle, that hoſpitality, for which it hath ſo long been famed; and whenever you ſhall wiſh to make a ſhort retreat from the buſtle of the world, our holy houſe will afford you a peaceable aſylum."

It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated ſolicitations of Frances, and her uncle.

cle, Iſabella was prevailed on to relinquiſh entirely her intentions of entering on a monaſtic life. She reſided for ſome time in her father's venerable old manſion on the Medway, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's ſiſter; who, at intervals, attended her on viſits to Frances, and alſo, at particular ſeaſons, to the abbot, at his houſe, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monaſtery of Saint Auguſtin.

It was in one of theſe viſits to her uncle, that ſhe became acquainted with Henry de Belville, between whoſe father and the abbot, there had long ſubſiſted a moſt firm friendſhip. He was of good birth, though much inferior to Iſabella in fortune; his father's eſtate having greatly ſuffered in the confuſion of thoſe turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year; his figure was graceful and manly; and, to a diſpoſition as amiable as his perſon, was joined an underſtanding both quick and ſtrong, and which had been improved by the moſt extenſive education that the faſhion of the age allowed. He had been ſent to travel over Europe, had reſided in ſeveral of its principal courts, and was now on his return from a ſhort expedition into France, and had ſtopped at Canterbury to pay his reſpects to the abbot, and to deliver him certain letters with which he had been charged.

Belville, on his firſt return to England, a few years previous to the preſent period, had been honoured by the patronage of Richard Duke of Glouceſter; near whoſe perſon he held an employment which could not long diſpenſe with his abſence; for that prince being now mounted on the throne of England, the whole nation was thrown into an hoſtile ſtate.

It will not be wondered at, if after Belville and Iſabella had been a few days together, their mutual accompliſhments, and their mutual deſire to pleaſe, ſhould have made them much charmed with one another. Belville felt himſelf enamoured of his fair companion, and had the ſatisfaction to perceive that his attention to her was not thrown away. Though he took leave, after a ſhort time, to go to London, yet he found an excuſe for returning very ſoon; and having reaſon to think he had made a favourable impreſſion on Iſabella, did not long heſitate to propoſe himſelf to her as one who would be happy to paſs his life in the ſociety of ſo engaging a woman. His offer was not leſs pleaſing to Iſabella than it was to her uncle and Frances; the latter of whom agreed to give up to her ſiſter her right in the caſtle of Saint Clair, where it was propoſed they ſhould reſide.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials, and nothing could wear a fairer face of proſperity than did this purpoſed union of true and diſintereſted affection. But the ſucceſsful progreſs that the arms of Henry of Richmond now made in the kingdom, had obliged Richard to oppoſe them with his utmoſt force, and to ſummon all his ſervants to attend his camp, amongſt whom,

whom, as I before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom, who at this time would moſt willingly have waved the ſervice, had not his own nice ſenſe of honour, and his zeal for his royal maſter, overcome every private motive.

(To be continued.)

An ADDRESS *to the* VOLUNTEERS *of* GREAT BRITAIN.

COUNTRYMEN!

THE coward may vaunt more of his great ſpirit than the man of real valour; but the teſt to diſtinguiſh the hero from the coward is an apprehenſion of danger in an actual engagement; when the enemy is in battle-array, and you are drawn up to confront them; if the claſh of arms, the clangor of trumpets, the roar of artillery, and the dubious fate of your country do not intimidate you; when thouſands fall at your ſide, and ten thouſand at your right hand; if then, your gallantry, intrepidity, and valour do not fail you, you are heroes: but, on the contrary, if you are fearful, weak, timid, puſillanimous, you are the moſt arrant cowards. The boaſt of courage is an inſignificant trifle, unleſs attended with heroic action. It is eaſy to conceive that the terrors of battle will ſhake the ſtouteſt heart; yet, be not too timorous in your apprehenſion of danger, nor too confident of ſucceſs: Fear is an affection of the mind, which is excited by the apprehenſion of danger, real or imaginary, and is implanted in man, as a centinel, to give him timely warning to retreat, or to make a bold reſiſtance, according as the danger may appear more or leſs formidable. Fear, when it becomes predominant, renders you ſilly and very unreaſonable. To have no fear is raſhneſs; to be all fear is cowardice: both extremes ſhould be avoided. A cool, determined courage, under the regulation of reaſon, and in ſubmiſſion to orders, will give you incalculable advantage over your enemies, and it is the only method to come off more than conquerors.

We are informed by hiſtory that the Romans diſtinguiſhed magnanimity of ſoul by the name of heroiſm; that their military laws appointed honorary rewards to officers and ſoldiers, in order to excite ſuch nobleneſs of mind; that their heroes entered in triumph into the city, amidſt the acclamations of a free and unanimous people, crowned with laurels, and laden with ſpoils; that ſtatues of marble were erected to perpetuate their achievements, names, memory, and honour. Scipio, Pompey, and Cæſar, for this martial proweſs, ſhine with a remarkable luſtre in the Roman records. Achilles and Ajax, Alexander and Lyſimachus, for the ſame undaunted courage, ſtand eminently diſtinguiſhed in the Grecian annals. Joſhua, Gideon, Barak, David, and Nehemiah, ſtand high in the Jewiſh writings.

Nor has Great Britain been without her heroes; ſhe may boaſt of a Sydney, Marlborough, an Argyle; of a Jervis, Howe, Duncan, Nelſon, Abercromby, who have been illuſtrious for magnanimity; as their actions have been great, ſo their characters ſhould be dear to every Engliſhman. Theſe few inſtances of a noble ſpirit are ſelected to remind us, how great ſuch perſons are in themſelves, how ſerviceable to their country, how worthy of imitation! Can you hear of the magnanimous example of theſe heroes, and not be cordially attached to loyalty, ſtout-heartedneſs, fortitude, and gallantry?

If you wiſh to cultivate the ſame heroic diſpoſition, draw a line of compariſon between your enemies and yourſelves; conſider who and what your adverſaries are; who and what we are. They are the vaſſals of a deſpot, licentious republicans, blind catholics, and a foe who threaten to invade and conquer this happy iſle: we are the natives of this country, true patriots, the free ſubjects of a mild and compaſſionate, proteſtant, and paternal king. They are the men who make the earth to tremble, that ſhake kingdoms, that make the world as a wilderneſs, and deſtroy the cities thereof; that open not the houſe of their priſoners:" we are called to be valiant in the defence of our religion and laws, our liberty and property, our kindred and friends, our king and country; yea, the beſt of kings, and the beſt of countries. Our enemies fight to gratify the ambition and exorbitant views of one who aims at univerſal empire: "We are not fighting to plunder other men's property, but to protect our own; we are not fighting to ſubvert the liberties of other nations, but to prevent the yoke of ſlavery from being faſtened on our necks, and on thoſe of our poſterity: we are not fighting in contempt of national character, in deſpite of the civil order of the world.—No! we are fighting to preſerve this happy land from atheiſm, from deſpotiſm, or anarchy; from that moral contamination of principle and practice, which outrages the very nature of mankind."

Were you through cowardice and fear to ſuffer our adverſaries to ſucceed in landing and conquering this country, who can reflect without horror on the probable conſequences? O Britain! then muſt thy fields be an Aceldema; the riches of thy cities become the prey of rapine; thy palaces a waſte, and thy churches the ſcenes of ſuperſtition and idolatry! then might thy children be daſhed in pieces before the eyes of their weeping parents, and thy women with child ript up! the houſes of thy great men ſpoiled, and their wives and daughters violated in the ſight of the ſun! Then might thy widows be plundered, and the fatherleſs find no mercy! then might thy ſons be chaſed as the hart, and every one that is found of them be thruſt through! then might thy ſhores be tinctured with blood, diſfigured with the mangled carcaſes of the ſlain, and thy rivers bluſh to be ſtained with human dye! then might thy remaining inhabitants

be

be ſlaves, and all thy glory fade like a winter flower! Princeſs among the nations! art thou to become tributary? O Britain! how canſt thou endure to ſee thy navies and armies ſurrender to thine enemies? Wilt thou give up all to thy foes? "No! let them approach my ſhores with the vauntings of Egypt; inſtead of ſucceſs, mine enemies ſhall experience defeat; inſtead of triumph, diſgrace and ruin. Under the good providence of my God, my arms will preſerve not only my own independence, but be inſtrumental in exciting the ſpirit of other nations to recover their's; and eventually contribute to the eſtabliſhing of the true liberty, and promoting the true proſperity of France itſelf."

Let not the extraordinary ſucceſs, nor the rapacious conqueſts of the French in the laſt war, intimidate you, neither the number of your enemies terrify you; for the battle is not always to the ſtrong, and, through God, we ſhall do valiantly. Does not experience as well as reaſon teach us, that ſucceſs cometh from the Lord?—elſe why have the weak conquered, and the powerful been vanquiſhed? elſe why have the beſt concerted ſchemes, and the faireſt hopes of victory been blaſted?—Let their views be ever ſo ambitious, yet wherein they deal proudly, the Lord is above them. Be their deſigns planned with the deepeſt ſecrecy and cunning, yet an omniſcient God can take the wiſe in their own craftineſs, and caſt the counſel of the froward headlong: let them be ever ſo ſanguine in their hopes of ſucceſs, yet, we truſt, the Lord will reject their confidence, and that they ſhall not proſper: let not your hands be weak, nor your hearts melt, but gird up the loins of your mind to courage, and be not afraid of them, but remember the Lord who is great and terrible. Duty is our's, but ſucceſs is God's: without his gracious concurrence with lawful endeavours, they will prove ineffectual; our moſt exalted hopes may be fruſtrated, unleſs we rely on Heaven for the accompliſhment of them. The mariner who ſees the wonders of the Lord in the deep, who mounts up to the heaven and goes down again to the depths, who runs to and fro, and ſtaggers like a drunken man, whoſe heart is melted becauſe of trouble, and is at his wit's end, may be brought in ſafety to the deſired haven; or, when bound to a diſtant port, he may enjoy a favourable gale, a ſummer ſea, with the pleaſing proſpect of a ſucceſsful voyage, and yet be ſhipwrecked in the ſight of his haven. The huſbandman may work his ground and ſow ſeed, watch and weed his field with the greateſt care, and temperate ſeaſons give him the promiſing hope of a plentiful harveſt; yet, when his fields are ripe for the ſickle, the inclemencies of the weather may blaſt all his expectations. A general may engage his enemy with counſel and judgment, with premeditated conduct, with unſhaken courage, and with all the regularities of war; his officers may be heroes, and all his troops veterans,

and

and he may be animated with the faireſt proſpect of ſucceſs, and be diſappointed in his views. This verifies the obſervation of Solomon, " That the race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong, neither bread to the wiſe, nor riches to men of underſtanding." At all ſeaſons, eſpecially the preſent, depend on the Lord for direction and ſucceſs; the Almighty can eaſily fruſtrate the deſigns of your enemies, and ſcatter thoſe that delight in war, and ſecure to you your glorious conſtitution, your wholeſome laws, your exalted privileges, and the beſt of kings upon the throne, as the father, friend, and protector of his people.

Need any other particulars be mentioned to awaken this noble, this commendable, this neceſſary greatneſs of ſoul? Shall I mention the reproach and contempt that ever attend cowardice? Remember there is no neutrality between duty and guilt. It may ever be doubted whether faint and languid aid be not more miſchievous than avowed enmity; for the open enemy rouſes our ſpirit, while the timid auxiliary, with his fears, may infect the whole body of our troops. " Curſe ye Meroz," ſays the angel of the Lord, " curſe ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, becauſe they did not go forth to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the mighty." Their crime was that of withholding their aid from their country. How can you ſuffer your brethren, your ſons, your daughters, your wives, to go into captivity? Can you endure the ſight of women the victims of brutal ſoldiery, in whoſe agonizing faces you will read curſes on your cowardice? Every honeſt man who is butchered by the blood-thirſty tyrants, your conſcience will cry out, " my cowardice murdered him!" Will not the ſmiles of your innocent children, unconſcious of the ſlavery to which you have abandoned them, ſpeak daggers to your hearts? And your poſterity will never think of your names without exclaiming, " Theſe were the cowards who forfeited the glory of their forefathers, and abandoned their children to chains, infamy, and ſhame!" Never will they feel the ſmart of their fetters without uttering curſes on your memory! Hiſtory will pour forth her bittereſt maledictions on thoſe who, by their baſeneſs, ſacrificed to tyrants a ſyſtem of liberty, which is the chief boaſt and conſolation of human nature; your name will be the badge of diſgrace till time ſhall be no more. The ſpirit of God has denounced vengeance againſt the crime of cowardice.

On the other hand, reflect on the applauſe and the real honour that await gallantry and boldneſs of ſpirit; if you return victorious you will reap the ſweet reward of your virtue in the gratitude of all your countrymen, in the ſafety and affection of thoſe who are moſt dear to you; you will tread your native ſoil with firmneſs, with the noble conſciouſneſs that each of you can ſay, " I, too, have helped to ſave this happy land from the

oppreſſor." But if it ſhould be the will of Heaven, and pleaſe the God of providence, that inſtead of dying obſcurely a few years later on a bed of ſickneſs, you ſhould now fall on the field of honour for your country; if you are reconciled to God through Jeſus Chriſt, and have the teſtimony of a good conſcience, you ſhall find death only as a paſſage way to enter in triumph to eternal glory; you are removed from the field of battle to the realms of everlaſting peace. Better, if providence ſhould appoint it our lot, better to die honourably in the field, and ſo, by being ſerviceable to our country, tranſmit a worthy name to poſterity amidſt the little circle of our acquaintance; better this than fly, or ſubmit as ſlaves, in a puſillanimous manner, to an abandoned, a deſpicable ſet of men, and by ſuch an act oblige ourſelves to drag the chains of perpetual infamy and captivity. It was a maxim among the Romans, "Pulchrum eſt pro patria mori:" "It is honourable to die for the country." And ſhall men! who value themſelves as Britons, deviate from ſuch a ſpirit of patriotiſm? No! When we read the lives of great men, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in their country's cauſe, or view the monuments erected to their memories in the repoſitories of heroes, St. Paul's and Weſtminſter-Abbey, let the ſight fire your ſouls to reſolution, and invigorate your drooping courage! May a flame of magnanimity warm every Britiſh heart, and become general, as it is noble!

"When danger calls, with courage take the field,
Draw the bright ſword, and lift the temper'd ſhield;
Undaunted face the foe; diſdain to fly;
Conquer like Britons, or like Britons die!"

Engliſhmen! do you regard cowardice and meanneſs of ſpirit in the ſame light as you do the ſins of rebellion and witchcraft? Do you reſolve to ſhew the world that you prefer death in a good cauſe to a victory in a bad one? Your king and country look to God, and rely on your fidelity, on the ſtrength of your fortitude, and on the propulſion of your warmeſt reſolutions to battle; your brethren in the ties of nature and bonds of civil ſociety look to you for defence; brethren who have ſimilar intereſts, pleaſures, pains, employments, labours, deſigns, and hopes; will you diſappoint their expectations through weakneſs and ſloth? Let not ſuch a reproach be told in Gath, nor publiſhed in the ſtreets of Aſkalon: your ſons and daughters look up to you for protection; ſons, who are to perpetuate your names, to commemorate your virtues, and inherit your eſtates; daughters, who are not expected to fight for themſelves, who are the moſt defenceleſs part of your offſpring, and who are likely to become a prey to the outrages of a diſſolute rabble; reſolve, at the thought of ſuch inſults and indecencies to defend them.

them. Can you neglect to be valiant for your ſons and daughters? No! As ſoon might the mechanic right hand forget her cunning, or the tongue of eloquence have been ſilent in the midſt of a Roman ſenate, when liberty was the ſubject, and Cicero preſent! Your wives look to you for protection; if the endearments of affection can ſooth, if the ſanctity of connubial vows have any force, theſe ſhould be protected! Can a Briton, can any man who lays a claim to humanity, expoſe a wife to the violations of a wild and licentious army? The ſafety of your habitations, your patrimony and poſſeſſions, and of the whole kingdom, depend on your gallantry, intrepidity, and valour.

Countrymen, if the Lord will be your helper, your ſhade on your right hand, your refuge from the ſtorm, your ſhield from the devouring ſword, you will give cauſe to your country to bleſs the God of arms on your behalf. Inſpired with theſe motives, you may entertain hopes to ſubdue totally the moſt haughty, cruel, and powerful enemy, to emerge in the full enjoyment of health out of all the horrors of war, to return home richly laden with the ſpoils of victory, to be crowned with the applauſe of your king and country, to poſſeſs not only your liberties, conſtitution, laws, and religion, but an affluence of all earthly good, to enjoy the affection and gratitude of your relations and friends, and to join with your country, your brethren, your ſons, your daughters, and your wives, to aſcribe the praiſes of your conqueſts to the Lord God Almighty; for "thine, O Lord! is the greatneſs, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majeſty."

T. JONES.

Tiverton, April 17, 1804.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Young man, under-ſhopman to a chemiſt at Birmingham, lately opened a very ſmart apothecary's ſhop in that town, with ſcarce knowledge ſufficient to read the labels on his gallipots. Cuſtom did not on this occaſion, as on moſt others, follow ſhew; and he was ſhortly obliged to let the whole houſe, excepting the ſhop, in the window of which was written, in large characters, "Surgery in all its branches." A laundreſs became tenant of the cellar, and immediately under the other inſcription ſhe diſplayed a board with "Mangling performed with expedition."

REFLECTION.

HALF the misfortunes of life originate in the engaging inconsiderately in plans of which we have not duly reflected on the probable consequences.

On the CAUSES *of* FREEZING.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following solution of the philosophical question, proposed in page 197 of the present volume of your Weekly Entertainer, is at your service.

Theories in explanation of freezing have been various, and several of them well supported. To enter into an examination of each of them were, perhaps, superfluous here. The gassendists, and other corpuscularians, attribute it to the introduction of nitrous spicula, or other frigorific matter (which abounds in the atmosphere in a cold state) into the stamina or pores of the fluid, by means of which fixity is produced, with increase of bulk. This hypothesis, in opposition to the cartesian, which supposes it to be owing to the recess of the ethereal matter out of the pores, is generally received, and well established.

Water has been found, by experiments, to increase in bulk one tenth part in freezing; and the point, where the process of aqueous congelation commences, is the 32° of Farenheit, corresponding with 1000 of Newton. At this point, then (or a little before, owing to its prior disposition to freeze), water will begin to re-expand, the general law of the contraction of fluids by cold having previously had its ordinary operation. If this be allowed to be sufficiently explanatory of the deviation from the general law in descending, the reason for the other alluded to is equally obvious. We have only to suppose, that the dissolution or disengagement of the frigorific particles, the intromission of which before produced expansion, now occasions a gradual contraction of the fluid, proportionate to the increase of heat, until the total dispersion is effected at 40°, where the water resumes the degree of temperature it possessed immediately antecedent to its congelation: and in becoming heated beyond that state, it will be again expanded, consistently with the general law.

It may be proper to add, with respect to water being particularized in the question as an exception to the general law, that *oil* is the only fluid *which does not dilate* in freezing: consequently all other fluids, "within a certain range of temperature," afford the same kind of exception.

Falmouth, March 14, 1804. A. B.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to R. Holwell's Enigma, inſerted February 20.

THE MAGNET clearly will reveal
The ſubject you would fain conceal.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, Egbert Moon, J. Squance, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. E. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by J. H. Pippett, of Colyton, to J. Bloomfield's Rebus, inſerted Feb. 20.

THE initials join'd in order true,
Preſent brave CALDER to our view.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to W. Strong's Enigma, inſerted Feb. 27.

MAY MANUFACTURE long ſucceed,
And many a man aſſiſt in need!

*** We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; R. Holwell, of Exeter; and W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by W. Gifford, of South Petherton.*

EARLY ariſe, and trace the diſtant lawn,
My firſt doth there the tinctur'd blades adorn;
Tranſpoſe it right; together with it cloſe
A thing that often keeps our calm repoſe:
My whole to ſome proves happineſs thro' life,
To others wrangling, jangling, brawls, and ſtrife.

A REBUS, *by Oliver Cromwell, Jun. of Bridport Harbour.*

A Term in muſic pray firſt find;
Reverſe the top my next you'll know;
And in my next, if you're inclin'd,
On board yon ſhip we'll quickly go.

And in my whole, the frantic ſons of France,
Would feign invade the Britiſh peaceful ſhores;
With cruel aſpect wild, and pointed lance,
Deſtroy our wealth, and plunder all our ſtores.

A CHARADE, *by J. French, of Aſhburton.*

HAIL thou! my firſt, whom virtue guides
Within her flowery road,
In whom celeſtial love reſides,
And holds her bleſt abode.

What keen ſenſations pierce the ſoul;
"He feels for others woe;"
When that my next on troubles roll,
Plunges the gulph below.

O! could my tongue the goodneſs ſing,
The value of my whole;
In praiſe I'd rival muſic's ſtring,
In harmony of ſoul.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On the DEATH *of* ELLEN.

BEHOLD the roſe, ſweet queen of flow'rs,
(Her boſom waſh'd in dewy ſhow'rs)
Adorns and ſcents the balmy hours,
And much reſembles Ellen.

At morn, with crimſon bluſhes dy'd,
She's juſtly term'd the ſummer's pride,
But droops and fades at even-tide;
An emblem ſad of Ellen.

Soon ſwept in wither'd ſhow'rs away,
Her aromatic leaves decay;
And thus returns to native clay
The lovely form of Ellen.

And when her blooming beauties die,
Her od'rous breath aſcends on high;
Thus mounts (an angel) to the ſky
The bliſsful ſoul of Ellen.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

To a young Lady, on replacing a favourite Myrtle with one more beautiful.

SWEET nymph! no more lament that treaſure,
In eſtimation held ſo dear;
But let this boon ſupply that pleaſure,
So oft the ſubject of your care.

You'll find it far exceeds in beauty,
Superb each leaf, each fragrant flower;
Careful then extend your duty,
Waft it to your fav'rite bower!

Much as it doth ſurpaſs in ſweetneſs,
That flower once your chief regard,
May you excel in virtuous greatneſs,
Equal to this by that compar'd.

Clowance. T. R.

SPRING.

MILD ſpring anew delights the plain,
While, friſking in her gladd'ning train,
The gentle zephyrs play;
The downy warblers fill each grove
With ſweeteſt ſongs of varied love:
Pleas'd in his azure fields above,
Roams the bright lord of day.

Down in the green ſequeſter'd glade
The ſtreamlet pours her hoar caſcade,
Murmuring 'mong rocks below;
The watery muſic charms the ear,
Paſt ſcenes of joy and love appear;
The ſweet illuſion gone, a tear
Steals from the eye of woe.

O love! of parentage divine!
How few bring to thy crowded ſhrine
Hearts glowing, pure, and true!
Of theſe, O liſten to the pray'r!
On them beſtow thy fondeſt care!
In ſilent ſorrow elſe they wear
Away like morning dew.

The youth of melancholy ſees
No beauties in the blooming trees,
Nor lawns by ſpring array'd:
He wanders heedleſs to and fro,
Still brooding o'er his ſecret woe,
Whom adverſe love dooms to forego,
His dear, his plighted maid!

SONG.

Tune—RULE BRITANNIA.

ARISE, ye brave, your country calls,
Behold your ſavage foes advance;
Tho' oft before, your wooden walls
Have ſilenc'd all the boaſts of France;
Yet once again they tempt the waves,
And vow that Britons ſhall be ſlaves!

With rapine flush'd, with pride elate,
They loudly dare you to the field;
And be a tyrant's yoke the fate
Of him who would his birth-right yield—
But while Britannia rules the waves,
Her free-born ſons will ne'er be ſlaves.

You do not now for pow'r contend,
For ſafety and for peace you fight;
Your homes, your freedom you defend,
Truſt then in God, and in your right;
For He thro' whom you rule the waves,
Forbids that Britons ſhould be ſlaves.

While

While you his sacred laws obey,
His mighty arm will be your guide,
And guard you in that awful day
Which must on Albion's fate decide.
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

E. D. T.

TO HEALTH.

[From "Visions of Memory, and other Poems."]

NYMPH of the morning! blushing health!
My heart would all its cares resign,
Nor envy e'en a monarch's wealth,
Were thou and Adelaide but mine.

Say dost thou court the winding vales,
Array'd in Flora's blooming train;
Where, wafted on ambrosial gales,
Their perfumes scent the highland plain?

Or dost thou leave those scenes below
To listen to the hoarse cascade?
Or climb the mountain's airy brow?
Or slumber in the wild-wood shade?

Perchance thy nimble feet explore,
The rock-clad beach, and echoing caves,
Where many a sea-breeze, on the shore,
Breathes freshness from the clear blue waves.

In vain, amid the city's glare
I pant for thy reviving breath;
Where nauseous vapours cloud the air,
Fraught with disease, and early death.

But in yon cot I mark thy care,
Each cheek displays thy ruddy glow;
Thy purest zephyr whispers there,
And there thy freshest roses blow.

There peace, with modest eye, is seen,
That shuns the lofty dome of pride;
There, calm content, and joy serene,
And toilsome industry reside.

Were such a life my destin'd lot,
How careless would my moments flee;
How happy, in my lowly cot,
Attended by fond love and thee!

For once then, pure, delightful health,
Conduct me to thy roseate shrine;
I'd scorn the monarch's sordid wealth,
Were thou and Adelaide but mine.

HYMN *to* CHARITY.

By Mr. G. DYER.

O Thou! whose eye of smiling love
Outshines the cheerful eye of day,
Whose bosom no rude tempests move,
Whose form no pencil can pourtray;
So bright thine eye, thy form so fair,
Beauty herself seems station'd there.

Hail, charity! meek, tender maid,
Adorn'd with virtue's modest crown;
And wont, in simplest garb array'd,
To beam with lustre all thine own;
Still let thy breast with rapture glow,
But spare a sigh for human woe.

Softer thy breath than gales that play,
Where summer flowers their odours fling;
Nor is so sweet the breath of May,
With all the choir of tuneful spring:
The smile that on thy cheek is seen,
Bespeaks a paradise within.

O! still thy fostering wing outspread;
Distress near thee shall shelter find;
And like yon sun, thine influence shed
Thro' the vast race of human kind:
And let thine open hand impart
Rich emblems of a generous heart.

And not so warm in Mithra's praise*,
The Persian, crown'd with conquest, glows,
When call'd the choral song to raise,
For sabres sheath'd, and vanquish'd foes;
As nations, kindling with thy ray,
Shall upward spring to new-born day.

Then shall the fury passions sleep!
And conquest quench her thirsty sword;
No captive fair in silence weep,
Nor laurels grace her tyrant-lord:
No face shall wear the form of woe!
The only wreath the olive bough!

* Mithra is worshipped as the source of light, the sun, by the Persians and Indians.

A CHINESE PROVERB.

WHEN swords are rusty, spades are bright,
When prison doors admit the light;
When granaries are full of corn,
The temple's threshold spoil'd and worn;
Grass growing where the lawyers talk;
When butchers ride, and doctors walk;
Then are there many, young and old,
And statesmen well the state uphold.